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Who Hath Not Heard?

Who hath not heard at the first break of day,
Borne clear and far upon the morning air,
The deep tones of a bell that seemed to say:
"A-wake! A-wake! A-wake! To work and prayer."

Who hath not at the noon hour heard again,
When those who toil to languish have begun,
The same deep tones' encouraging refrain:
"Toil-on! Toil-on! Toil-on! The day's half done."

And who at evening hath not also heard,
When heads do ache and hands and feet are sore,
That message clear, with balm in every word:
"To-rest! To-rest! To-rest! Thy work is o'er."

And ere the first vibration dies away
In sweetest echo on the distant air,
The pious people who do own its sway,
Cross hearts and bare their heads in silent prayer.

They love the bell, their monitor and friend,
And dear, indeed, its voice is to them all;
To them its precious music e'er doth lend
A sacredness to duty's every call.

Then ring, O bell, at morn, at noon, at night,
The birth, the life, the death of the dear Lord;
Still let thy mellow cadences invite
Mankind to work and pray with one accord.
—Columbus Dispatch.

A GOOD OMEN.

Terrible indeed was the fate which menaced the passengers and crew of the wrecked ship Hilda.

Lilla Drente, an orphan maiden, with her widowed aunt, had taken passage upon the Hilda for America, and her pretty face and winning ways had won a warm place for her in all hearts.

She had brought on board a white carrier pigeon, which had fluttered helplessly down at her feet the year before, maimed by a shot from some unskillful sportsman.

A billet had been fastened under its wing, but its contents were in a tongue unfamiliar to those who perused it, and it would have been thrown carelessly away had it not been saved by Lilla.

She had nursed the bird back to health, and although eventually meaning to again put the billet in its place, under its pinion, and send it forth into the realms of space, she had not yet schooled herself into parting with it.

An indulgent relative had procured for Lilla a delicate chain of silver, so that she could fasten it about one slender leg, and thus keep the bird a partial prisoner.

Lilla's courage and fortitude had been the one bright spot on board during the terrible hours of suspense which followed the fury of the storm which had wrecked the staunch ship.

No murmur came from her lips, and she refused to take more than just enough to sustain life, saying that those who had the work of pumping and managing the maimed vessel needed more than an idler like herself.

The sight of her gave the sailors courage.

They felt that no craft would go down with her on board.

The weary days passed without sign of succor; and, hungry and cold, their courage sank at last.

Lilla's cheeks were no longer like a rose. They rivalled her name. But her eyes seemed to grow brighter and clearer with each passing day.

One morning, with only a piece of biscuit between each man and starvation, Lilla threw off the shyness which had thus far kept her silent on the subject, and said:

"Let us all kneel down and pray together. There is a promise that when two or three are gathered in God's name, their requests shall be granted. We can surely say the Lord's Prayer, every one of us."

Then Lilla knelt down, her white bird upon her shoulder, and her cheeks gaining a little of their natural color in the elevation of the moment.

They commenced with the first words of that prayer—the most eloquent and comprehensive one in the whole world—and without one exception, the other voices added their quota of sound. Those who had forgotten it, or, it may be, had never known it, following after, word by word.

It was a solemn and touching scene, never to be forgotten by those who were participants in it.

After they had risen from their knees again, a sudden cry broke from Lilla's lips, and looking towards her, to the surprise of all the cause was seen. The pet pigeon had broken a link of its detaining chain, and had fluttered off into the blue sky which arched above in a seeming sunny mockery of their desolate state.

"My bird has deserted me!" was Lilla's pathetic cry. And tears, which suffering had failed to call to her eyes, filled them now."

"Don't cry, little one. You've kept up so far, and if you give way, there's not a man of us but will blubber too. Don't set us a bad example now."

With a brave effort Lilla controlled herself. But she could not put the sorrow for her bird out of her heart. She kept thinking to herself.

"Now I can never do my duty and send the billet."

Strange that at such a time she could bear anything in her mind but her own suffering! But so it was, and it added a keener pang to the loss of her pet.

But marvellous to relate, when the noonday sun was glaring down upon the famished group, a white speck appeared in the sky, and coming nearer, soon attracted attention. Then, in a few seconds it came fluttering down, with a coo of content, and alighted upon Lilla's shoulder.

It seemed to their wondering eyes like a spirit.

"It is a good omen!" was whispered around among them. "God has not forgotten us!"

And inspired by this thought the sailors again turned their dim eyes across the broad expanse of waters to see if any sign of life should appear in sight.

Several hours went by, and then a dim spot appeared in the distance. It grew more distinct and at last proved to be a brig bearing down towards them.

O, that the man on the look-out should see the signal raised by the distressed crew. The suspense was sickening, but at last to a certainty they were observed, for the brig hove-to and lowered her boats, which, manned by a competent crew, were soon propelled towards them. They were reached after a time, and were taken on board.

Now comes the wonderful part of our story.

The man at the wheel was steering in an entirely opposite direction from the one which would have brought his vessel to the relief of the shipwrecked crew when a white bird flew against his face, and fluttered its wings in such a way that the astonished sailor did not dare to open his eyes while the assault continued. The captain witnessed the singular occurrence, and being, like all seafaring men, superstitious, he said:

"It strikes me that there is a meaning in this. We must change our course."

Owing to this the course of the brig was changed, and by means of it many lives were saved, as we have seen.

After this Lilla's pet pigeon was, as is natural, considered a most wonderful bird, and was made the theme of talks for days after the rescue; while Lilla herself lay prostrated upon a bed of sickness. The reaction from despair to hope had done what distress had not been able to do, and it was long before she was well enough to come up on deck.

When she did so she was but a shadow of herself; but youth rallies quickly, and she soon was as merry and blooming as before.

The captain was quite an old man, and his heart warmed towards Lilla in a fatherly manner.

"I have a son at home," he said to her one day, "who would give his eyes for a pigeon like that," pointing to Lilla's pet, which was, as usual, perched on her shoulder. "He's that fond of studying into the ways of dumb creatures that he's good for nothing else. Not but he's made a good thing of it, for he is now professor of some department in a college, which deals in just such things. He corresponds with learned men all over the world, and I'm proud of him, if I do say it who should not. He is greatly taken with this kind of carrier-pigeon, and quite a while ago he let an educated East Indian take home one of his pet birds, with the understanding that he should let him loose when he got home, and wing his way back, bringing my son a letter telling of his safe arrival. But Perry has never heard from him, or hadn't when I was home last time. He says most probably some accident happened on his homing trip."

"How long ago was it?" asked Lilla.

"It was about two years since."

"I found my pigeon almost wounded to death just about that time," said Lilla. "And he had a note tied under his wing with the oddest looking writing on it I ever saw. I shouldn't wonder if it came from the East Indies; I will get the note and show you. I saved it, meaning to be honorable, and let the pigeon take it to its proper owner when I could make up my mind to part with the pretty creature."

And Lilla put her bright lips to her pet's white throat with a loving gesture.

"Don't do anything of the kind, You've got an undoubted right to the bird. That would be an excess of honesty."

Lilla smiled at the captain's views regarding her intended restoration.

"Your advice agrees with my wishes, but I don't quite think it does with my conscience," she said. "But I will get the billet."

It proved to be as much of a puzzle to the captain as to Lilla. So they had to wait for its solution until land was reached.

That time soon arrived, and then Lilla was domiciled with her relatives, who had almost given up all hope of welcoming her, thinking that the ship Hilda must have shared the fate of others which had been given up for lost.

One evening the captain called to see her, accompanied by his learned son, who was so shy and constrained in his manner that Lilla at first thought him very uninteresting; but she found out her mistake before the call was over, as he could talk German with her like a native, and, once warmed to his subject, lost the coldness which had at first seemed to chill Lilla.

The pet pigeon came in for his full share of interest, although he did not prove to be the old friend the captain had spoken of.

The professor was able to translate the contents of the billet, which was written in one of the abstruse tongues which he had mastered. It had been undoubtedly penned in a spirit of sportful romance by some young scholar in a foreign university, and fastened to a homing pigeon. The writer little thought how like a prophecy the ensuing events would make it seem.

Go forth, white bird, to one whose maiden soul
Is like thy gleaming plumage—white!
Tell her that o'er the billows thunderous roll
One waits her coming—her true knight!

It has proved a true prophecy. Lilla and the professor are to be married in the spring.

A Curious Gas Well.

"There are many curious phenomena ever present at the natural gas wells in this vicinity," said the owner of several wells, "but I have never seen any that struck me as being so peculiar as those that were witnessed a few years ago at a well in the Canada oil field at Sarnia. The well was being drilled for oil, and at the depth of 600 feet a great volume of gas was found. The gas was accidentally set on fire as it rushed from the well. A fountain of flame more than fifty feet high was the result. That in itself was a wonderful phenomenon for that district then, but is as common as water hydrants in this region.

"The peculiarity of the well was that every fifteen minutes, as regular as a clock could mark the time, a stream of water three inches in diameter spouted from the depths and mingled with the burning gas. The force of the water carried the flames up more than a hundred feet, and separated them in sprays and showers of fire. The chemical composition of the water was such that there were certain inflammable qualities in it, and these would make brightly colored lights to mingle with the dull flame of the gas itself, creating a natural pyrotechnical display that I never saw equalled artificially. Streaks of bright yellow, globes of purple, and fantastic shapes in red, pink, and blue leaped and danced and whirled about in that warring mass of fire in a manner that was enchanting. The eruption of water lasted exactly three minutes, when it would cease, and the flame of the gas would resume its normal condition. While the water was mingled with the flame a strong smell of sulphur pervaded the air.

"A strange thing connected with the burning well was the way birds of all kinds were attracted to it during the time the water was spouting. They would circle about the pillar of fire, uttering their different cries, and acting as if they were frantic. Frequently the flames would catch some unfortunate bird in its flight, and it would fall either dead or dying to the ground. This fire had such an effect on many kinds of birds that they would light in the midst of spectators, and suffer themselves to be caught. The owner of the well tried every means then known to extinguish the burning gas, but all to no purpose. It burned without any show of ever giving out for two years, and then went out one day almost as suddenly as it had appeared."
—*Washington (Pa.) Letter.*

Melinite, a new explosive with which the French military authorities are experimenting, is said to have ten times the power of nitro-glycerine, and 100 times that of gunpowder. General Boulanger has decided on the immediate manufacture of 210,000 melinite projectiles.

Mrs. John Bigelow and Mrs. Blaine.

The eccentricities of Mrs. John Bigelow have been table talk on both sides of the ocean for twenty years. Many of the stories told about her are well known, and so many keep coming up that, as one clever New York woman protested, "let us not begin to talk about Mrs. Bigelow, for it spoils conversation." The best of all the anecdotes about Mrs. Bigelow, and one comparatively new, is of her making Mrs. Blaine carry her rubber overshoes home to Mrs. Bigelow's boarding house in this city, while Mrs. Bigelow went on a round of pleasure rejoicing. It happened that Mrs. Bigelow, coming out from one afternoon reception, met Mrs. Blaine also just leaving the scene.

"I suppose, as you are such a great personage, you have your carriage, Mrs. Blaine, and can give me a lift," said Mrs. Bigelow.

"I would gladly," she said, "but I am hurrying to the Capitol to bring Mr. Blaine down. I will be late now."

Mrs. Bigelow was not daunted, and, assuring her that it would not be the least trouble for Mrs. Blaine to drive a few blocks out of the way to leave her at her boarding house, walked on to the carriage with her. On the way the eccentric lady met her own daughter and a young man, and with slight ceremony she ordered them into the carriage and told the footman where Miss Bigelow wished to be dropped for some afternoon tea, quite in another direction from the Capitol. On arriving at the place Mrs. Bigelow decided that she would go into the tea instead of going home, and as she descended from the comfortable landau she turned and pressed into Mrs. Blaine's hands her rubber overshoes, saying: "Just leave them at the house as you go by, and it will be all right." In that way, before she could protest or tell how it happened, Mrs. Blaine was driving down the street and ringing the boarding-house door bell and discharging her errand.—*Chicago Herald.*

Ben Butler's Dry Smoke.

The dignity which surrounds the United States supreme court is something appalling. No one is permitted to wear an overcoat within the bar of the court. Note books are also prohibited, and the attorney or spectator who attempts to make an abstract of the proceedings is quickly notified to desist. Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, was guilty of an infraction of the rules yesterday, which those who sat near enough to overhear the colloquy that ensued enjoyed immensely. Don M. Dickinson of Michigan, was speaking when Gen. Butler entered. The general immediately dropped into the vacant chair. Then drawing a cigar from his pocket he proceeded to enjoy what is known as a "dry smoke." His action threw the vigilant state officials into a state of terror, from which they have not yet recovered. Marshal Nicolay immediately rushed forward, and seizing the general by the arm, exclaimed:

"Remove your cigar at once, sir!"

The general's eyes twinkled maliciously as he placed his hand to his ear and said, "Speak louder."

"You can not smoke here. It's against the rules," repeated Mr. Nicolay, emphatically.

"I'm not smoking," growled Gen. Butler, still holding the cigar in his teeth.

"I know you're not smoking," was the marshal's reply; "but you must not keep that cigar in your mouth."

Gen. Butler replied that he had a bad cold and that it always relieved him to take a dry smoke, but the marshal insisted so vigorously that either the general or the cigar must go that he finally submitted to the inevitable, and threw the cigar from him with such force that it hit Lawyer Storrow on the leg and broke into half a dozen pieces.—*Washington cor. N. Y. Herald.*

Peculiarities of Reagan.

Representative Reagan is now nearly 70 years of age, but he looks at least ten years younger. The gray has not yet crept into his short black hair, and his round, dark face is unseamed with wrinkles. He walks about briskly, rides to and from the capitol in the street cars, and is as approachable as any public man in Washington. He is of medium height, rotund in form, and weighs, I should judge, over 200 pounds. He wears a black slouch hat and clothes of rough goods, which are made with little apparent care as to their style and cut. His face is always smoothly shaven, and it reminds you of the colonial statesmen whom you see in the picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence in the rotunda of the capitol. He has black eyes, a fat nose, and a rather heavy jaw. He talks in a guttural tone without gesture, and he is not an attractive speaker. He is very earnest in his speeches, however, and does not often talk buncombe. When he speaks he is never at ease unless he has a string in his hand, and he keeps pulling this through his fingers as he talks. His favorite position, when listening to a discussion in the House, is sitting back in his chair with a piece of white letter paper in his hands. This he folds up carefully, and with his jack-knife cuts through the folds. The two pieces of paper he now lays together, folds them, and cuts them in pieces. He reduces these pieces still smaller in the same way, and when he has used up one piece of paper he takes another. So he goes on for hours at a time, until his desk is littered with scraps of paper.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Mr. W. F. Allen has given some interesting data concerning the introduction of the new twenty-four hour clock scale. Though meeting at first with considerable opposition, like most other innovations, it is gradually extending. It is already in use on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, west of Winnipeg, upon the Manitoba & Northwestern Railroad, and upon the Idaho Division of the Union Pacific. So satisfactory has its adoption proved to the railways and the towns along their lines that propositions to introduce it throughout the Union Pacific and Canadian Pacific systems are being seriously agitated. Particular attention is called to the fact that the twenty-four-hour scheme is in use throughout the extensive telegraph systems between Great Britain, Egypt, India, South Africa, China, Australia, and New Zealand.

The English fish commission has recently presented to the United States government a large number of English soles. The sole will thrive in this country, and a large nursery tank at Isles hatchery has been prepared for the reception of the gift. Some of the fish died in transportation, but fifty of them have been placed in the tank, and the young fish will scatter along the coast from Maine to the capes of the Delaware.

Liberty's Torch.

The noble Bartholdi statue in New York harbor, says a writer in *Science*, suffers a great injustice, so far as the idea of its conception goes and the requisites for its most complete artistic presentation are concerned, in being made to hold a star in its hand poorly represents the lambent and rolling stalks of fire which the thought of a torch suggests, and fails to accentuate the statue with any dramatic or spectacular force.

The attempt should be made to burn a large volume of gas properly distributed over the present surface of the torch, and this would seem altogether feasible. A consumption of from a thousand to two thousand cubic feet of gas per hour might be required, but the result would be incomparably more striking and noteworthy. A series of one-inch pipes passing up into the torch, emerging at various points so as to completely invest it with the confluent flames issuing from their openings, would probably serve the purpose, the gas being permitted to burn under a pressure but slightly in excess of its own ascensional power. Two objections might be urged against this proposition—first, the smokiness of the flame, producing an ugly and dirty appearance; second, the probability of its extinction in high gales. The first objection has not much weight, as the tail of drifting smoke would hardly detract from the splendor of the pillar of flame, and in any case could be considerably overcome by an efferent tube with a perforated circular cap feeding air to the summit of the torch, somewhat on the plan of the central air channel in the popular climax oil lamp. The second objection is valid, but only in extreme cases; and, as the gas should be lit by electricity, the highest gales would only alter the constancy of the light, its extinction being succeeded by the renewed flame. Again by curving the extremities of the pipe, even these exceptional cases might be yet further reduced in number. The gas might be supplied from the mainland, or if that appears too expensive, or itself impracticable, naphtha or gas (enriched air) could be safely used, the precaution being taken of substituting for the large tubes bundles of smaller pipes.

Secretary Lamar on War.

"I used to think," Mr. Lamar went on to say, "before I saw much fighting, that the slaughter must be frightful. I could not see how, where so many bullets were flying, there was any chance at all for men to escape being hit. But I soon wondered how anybody was hit at all. My men that day at Williamsburg shot themselves all out of ammunition twice. When we went into bivouac at night I went about asking the boys how they felt. I met one big Mississippian from my home town:

"'John did you fire off all your powder?'

"'No,' he said. 'I tried hard all day, colonel, to do my best, and I didn't fire but twice. All day long I didn't draw bead on a Yankee but twice. I've got my ammunition here,' and he tapped his cartridge box.

"'You fired twice?' I said. 'Did you hit 'em those times?'

"'Well, colonel, to tell the truth, I missed one Yank, and I'm in doubt about the other.'

"That illustrates war," said the secretary. "A lot of men march out and proceed to create a lot of accidents. The side that can produce the most accidents for the greatest number of consecutive hours wins the day."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Sources of Rivers.

Most people have probably heard the story of the house in Ohio which is said to be so exactly balanced upon the boundary line between the basins of the great lakes and the Ohio river that the rain falling upon one side of the gable roof goes to join the St. Lawrence and the ocean, while on the other side it helps to swell a little brook that finally mingles with the Ohio and the gulf. There is a more wonderful place than this in India. Almost five hundred miles due west of Calcutta is the Ammerkantak mountain, which is a place of great sanctity in the eyes of the Hindoos, owing to the remarkable fact that it is the source of one of the large rivers of India, and of feeders of three other rivers that are among the greatest in the peninsula. The torrents that flow down its sides travel to all the cardinal points of the compass. The Nerbudda, which takes its rise here, winds its way over eight hundred miles of plain before it empties into the Indian ocean. The three other great rivers that are fed from Mount Ammerkantak are the Godavery, the Mahanuddy, and the Sone.

The natives of India have a great reverence for the sources of a number of their largest rivers, whose waters by means of irrigating works are often used in times of drought to nourish the soil and prevent or mitigate famine. The Godavery, the most important river in south India, takes its rise in a brook that issues from a hillside near the village of Nassik. The spot where this brook gushes from the rocks is approached by a flight of 690 stone steps, at the top of which is a great stone platform built at the foot of the rock from which the stream issues. An image under a large canopy has been so placed that the water pours out of its mouth and then goes sparkling down the hill. From this spot the stream flows, nine hundred miles right across the peninsula, growing on the way into a mighty river, and draining 120,000 square miles. The source of the Godavery is one of the sights of the Bombay presidency.

Mr. W. D. Cooley, the geographer, made a curious blunder about the head stream of the Luapula river, which unites with the Lualaba to form the upper Congo. This stream is the Chambesi, which empties into Lake Bangweolo. Cooley, misled by the similarity in the names, thought the Chambesi was the upper waters of the Zambesi, and it appears on his map as part of the Zambesi system. It is an interesting fact, shown by the latest discoveries, that the Chambesi, which for some years has been regarded as the ultimate source of the Congo, must now yield to the Lualaba, which is the real headwaters of the mighty river.

One little stream, whose waters flow from river to river until they finally join the Amazon, runs for ten or fifteen miles by the side of the sources of the great Paraguay. Though they flow parallel to each other, and only two or three miles apart, they run in opposite directions. Canoes are often hauled across the intervening portage, and in this way it is possible for a small boat to travel from the mouth of the Amazon to Buenos Ayres along the inland waters of South America, and with a portage of only two or three miles.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Book as a Dowry.

I was speaking just now of the second-hand book-stalls that line the quays on the south bank of the Seine, writes a Paris correspondent of the New York *Graphic*. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of dry-as-dust old chaps who spend their lives hanging over by day, and dreaming by night, of the treasures they contain. Here is a curious and true romance of one of these musty shops.

An old bachelor of 50, an inveterate "bouquineur," or haunter of the second-hand book-stalls, had an old woman servant named Augustine, who, by dint of arranging and dusting her master's library, had become inoculated with the same mania. She paid frequent visits to the too attractive quays, and ended by spending all her wages in books—and none but old books, be it understood.

One afternoon, a little before dinner-time, she arrived out of breath with a package of the precious volumes, purchased at the "Courdes Miracles" and "Grande Friunderie" of Parisian books." Out of curiosity her master looked over the new acquisitions. Suddenly his face brightened up.

"And what did you pay for this one?" he asked, pointing to a very, worm-eaten volume.

"Fifteen sous," replied Augustine.

"Fifteen sous? Why, it's worth 20,000 francs," cried the book-hunter, in a transport of enthusiasm.

Hardly had the words left his mouth when he was conscious of having committed a stupid blunder. In vain he tried to modify his rash statement.

"I'll give you 50 francs for it," he said.

"Monsieur said it was worth 20,000 francs."

Augustine was cunning and stood to her guns. It was a very rare first edition of Montaigne. To no purpose did he try to beat her down. She wouldn't take a sou less than 20,000 francs, and he couldn't afford to give so large a price. That night the bachelor dreamed of the unattainable treasure, of course valued the more from its being just beyond his reach.

At last he could hold out no longer. The temptation was too great. He must have the volume "coute que coute." His mind was made up.

"The woman takes good care of me," he reasoned with himself; "she seems to have my tastes; why should I not marry her? I would then own the Montaigne."

As he was the next morning as much under the control of his ruling passion as ever, he carried his resolution of the night before into effect, and married his servant, who brought him a musty old book as a dowry.

Why Shoes Are Thrown at Weddings.

The custom of throwing one or more old shoes after the bride and groom, either when they go to church to be married or when they start on their wedding journey, is so old that the memory of man stretches not back to its beginning. Some think it represents an assault, and is a lingering trace of the custom among savage nations of carrying away the bride by violence; others think that it is a relic of the ancient law of exchange or purchase, and that it formerly implied the surrender by the parents of all dominion or authority over their daughter. It has a likeness to a Jewish custom mentioned in the Bible. Thus in Deuteronomy we read that when the brother of a dead man refused to marry his widow she asserted her independence of him by "loosing his shoe." Also in Ruth, when the kinsman of Boaz gave up his claim to the inheritance of Ruth and to Ruth also he indicated his assent by plucking off his shoe and giving it to Boaz. It was also the custom of the middle ages to place the husband's shoe on the head of the nuptial couch, in token of his domination.

A Juvenile Speculator.

Two years ago a bright-faced lad of 13 was hired by a stock broker, with offices about 100 yards from the exchange, to chalk on the blackboard now used in many offices the prices of stocks as they appeared on the tape. The lad then wore ill-fitting clothes, but his ingenuous ways attracted the attention of the broker's customers and he soon became a favorite. Yesterday the lad, now 15, wearing an expensive suit and neat but costly jewelry, told how he had lost $250 at poker a few nights ago, and won that amount and more at the next sitting. He incidentally remarked that the stock market was against him $1,500, but that he was $2,100 ahead on cotton. He still chalks the ticker prices on the blackboard, and in all probability some future *Sun* reporter will speak of his success in Wall street as a broker or record his utter destruction, for the lad is of the sort to come out a big winner or get battered to flinders.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Wonderful Richard Donovan.

There recently died at Potsdam, St. Lawrence county, Richard Donovan, who was in some respects one of the most remarkable men in northern New York. Twenty years ago, when a boy, Donovan lived in this city and worked in a flour mill. One day he was caught in a belt and received injuries that necessitated taking off both arms at the shoulders.

This great misfortune did not discourage him, and after recovering his health he set about earning his livelihood as best he could without the use of hands or arms. Part of the time he had lived alone, and from the necessity of helping himself he became wonderfully adept in performing all kinds of work, using his feet and mouth principally. He owned a horse of which he took the entire care, harnessed it, fastened and unfastened the buckles with his teeth, and drove with the reins tied around his shoulders. Being in need of a wagon, he bought wheels and axles and built a box buggy complete and painted it. He went to the barn one winter day and built a cow stable, sawing the lumber with his feet, and, with the hammer in one foot and holding the nail with the other, he nailed the boards on as well as most men could with their hands. He dug a well twelve feet deep on a farm in this town and stoned it himself. He could mow away hay by holding the fork under his chin and letting it rest against his shoulder. He would pick up potatoes in the field as fast as a man could dig them. He would dress himself, get his meals, write his letters, and, in fact, do almost anything that any man with two arms could do. He was engaged for some time with Thomas Collins of Potsdam in the sale of buggies and sleighs, and has lately been engaged in buying and selling hides and pelts. By his industry and frugality he succeeded in amassing a snug little property—owned a house and lot, and was worth in all about $2,000.—*Watertown Times.*